

"This Prophecie, when that I am dede and gone,
Shall come to passe in Eighcteene-Fiftie-and-One."

C. W. D. L. H.
Ye Propherie
of Pierre Reillor,

An Heretique Friere
of
Ye Abbey of Holie Crosse
by Waltham.

IN YE WHICHE IS DIMLIE FORESHADOWEDDE

Ye Greate Exhibitionne
of
Eighcteene Hundrede and Fiftie-One.

(J. Collier)

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The following Prophecy was found between the fettered skeleton hands of human remains, discovered in the digging of a foundation for some cottages at Pick Hill, near Waltham Abbey. There is a tradition that a Friar was excommunicated and buried alive by the Abbot and Monks of Waltham Abbey, for the horrible crime of heresy, or, in other words, for being centuries in moral advance of his brethren, a crime no civilized society has ever been known to forgive. It should seem that in abhorrence of his free opinions, his varnished parchment scroll, which had been used as the ground-work of his conviction, was placed between his bound hands just before his execution, as if to supply written testimony at the Day of Judgment. The doggrel verse is headed—

“ This Prophecie, when that I am dede and gone,
Shall come to passe in Eighteene-Fiftie-and-One.”

The old English orthography is modernized by the Antiquary as much as may be without damage to the rhyme. The writer seems to have lived in the 16th Century, for the material of the Prophecy contains several fragments of the prophetic poets of the time of Leo X.

The following fragment was found between the
faded double heads of human remains discovered
in the district of a foundation of the same name at 17th
Hill, near Westminster Abbey. There is a tradition that
a Friar was recommended and buried there by the
Abbot and Monks of Westminster Abbey for the benefits
of his body, or in other words for being buried
in more advanced of his position, & for no other
reason than to have a more to give. It should
be noted that in substance of his own opinion, his
remains had been used in
the ground-work of his position, was found between
his double heads, but before he was buried, as it is
supposed to have been at the time of his death. The
fragment is headed -

The fragment which I will now give.
I shall now to give in the same order.
The old English orthography is preserved by the
Antiquary as much as may be with regard to the
rhyme. The writer seems to have lived in the 15th
Century for the material of the fragment contains
several fragments of the language of the time of
Chaucer.

See X

The Prophecy.

"This Prophecie, when that I am dede and gone,
Shall come to passe in Eighteene-Fiftie-and-One."

KEN ye the dark instinctive shock,
When lowing herd and bleating flock,
Uneasy, restless, and if free
To quit marsh, meadow, heath and lea,
Back to the homestead wend their way,
In the open day, in the month of May ?
When wild fowl hurry through the air,
When wild beasts scamper to their lair,
When watch-dogs howl for very fear,
And cloud i' the west doth dark appear,
Who doth not know a storm is near ?
It is by a Power least understood
That all foreshadow tempest and flood.
The croak of one, the voice of two,
Of bird or prophet may be untrue ;
But when all Nature's voice imparts
A secret dread to human hearts,

Scaring the *eagle** from the *cradle*,
 Where rests the free child wrapp'd in swaddle,
 The bold *free child*, who Hercules' like,
 Shall strangle serpents ere they strike ;
 When house of strength and house of blether
 By house of glass is held together ;
 When house of strength and house of brawling,
 By house of glass is kept from falling ;
 When Treasury Lords and Lords of Flags,
 Under their robes wear beggars' bags,
 Craving for vails at their Lordly wills,
 Or 'ere they pay their mistresses' bills,
 City berths P. & O. sharing,
 Till Cits do stare at their dirty *bearing*,
 And cry, " By Joye ! we must outen these sparks,
 Or soon they will name our porters and clerks,
 Clap on all patronage embargoes,
 And send their voters as supercargoes."
 Look out ! look out ! for the coming danger !
 Look out ! look out ! for the motley stranger !

When London Town be so full of ills,
 Some dare not publish the weekly bills ;
 For fear that spring mortality
 Frighten our guests and the quality ;
 Though wiser *farre* to tellen the truth
 And stick to honest registry oath :
 When blind man walketh towards a pit
 And is warn-ed to stop as seemeth fit ;
 Though wise-acres say, " Oh ! don't alarm him !
 Haply the fall may not much harm him !
 Haply his course he may safely urge on,
 Let him fall in, then send for a surgeon !"

* This seems to refer to a traditionary story in the Derby family. A.

If you cry out "wa' limbs! wa' neck!"
 You 'll throw poor blind man in a panic!
 When such is the logic of knaves and fools,
 But not the logic of Alfred's schools,
 Gently forewarn, stoutly forearm,
 Never work'd mortals any harm;
 But if you wait till blind man's in for it,
 For warning, I 'd not give a pin for it.
 Pray, if ye like, for blind man's weal,
 Fast ye and pray ye with public zeal;
 For Times liking not these grave soothsayers,
 First you must curse them, and then to prayers.
 Branding these cautious, fanatical psalmists,
 Where there's no danger, as weak alarmists;
 Thus through the church-yard, coward boy,
 Whistles right loudly, lest he should cry,
 To frighten the ghosts from flitting by.
 Heartily wishing he 'd never hied
 With message so late from fire-side.
 And thus Dr. Faustus began to snivel,
 When, at his bidding, up came the Devil!
 Warn ye then early, or not at all,
 Lest that ye adden fright to fall.
 Look out! look out! for the coming danger!
 Look out! look out! for the motley stranger!

If windows would ope with the rising sun
 Twenty might thrive by labour of one,
 Then rise with the sun and let in the air
 And the glorious light, that giftie fair,
 Free to the world since world began,
 Free at last to your Englishman;
 Who always in debt, with his pockets drain'd,
 Boasts of pure freedom unrestrain'd;

Proudly will boast with latest breath
 Of Hampden's and Russell's glorious death.
 If God is light, quoth England's College,
 Light of the world and light of knowledge,
 What coward loon so loves the rod
 As stoop to pay for the light of God?
 Deeper the *Pitt*, scarcer the light,
 Fathers may think all very right,
 But sons of the sons with all their might
 Shall say, 'behold the children of light!'
 Shall smiling cry, when they hear it said
 Tribute on Attribute was paid,
 "Great were our fathers, great at quarrels,
 Small was their care of public morals!
 Great were our fathers! great in wealth,
 Small was their care of public health!
 Glorious no doubt, but rather odd,
 To levy a Tax on the light of God,
 And comical too, although we say it,
 Those fathers fools enough to pay it!
 All the while roaring 'rule the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves!'
 Greater than just to anticipate
 Wages of men ungenerate;
 Feeding upon posterity,
 And the bodie and blood of Merity.
 While Afric's bonds they nobly sever,
 Clinching our fetters tighter than ever!
 Taxing us here and fleaing us there,
 And fleecing us all, and everywhere!
 So the poor soldier under the lash,
 As cat descends with cutting swash,
 Cries 'Higher! lower! lower! higher!
 Have mercy! oh! my back's on fire.'

Till Lignum* the drummer cries, 'You dog!
 Ungrateful still, where'er I flog?
 By Jove! I care not for your bawling,
 Herries shall give you the next mawling!
 And he and his party I know will strive,
 From nape unto saddle to flea you alive!
 For cannibal sons to feed on their sire,
 Would rousen all Christian souls to ire;
 But fathers fore of this clever nation
 By fiscal transubstantiation,
 Have fed on the sons by anticipation!
 Crack'd us beforehand and done it so well,
 They have eaten the kernel and left the shell:
 But if the law and the prophets not fail,
Johnass again shall be free from the whale!"
 When Chequer Clerks and Company Jack,
 Do play the devil behinden back,
 And counting tricks they cannot agree
 Where, or how much, the balance may be;
 Though smack, says Jack, on the surplus rebounds
 Just hundreds four of thousand pounds;
 When Peachum and Locket fall to blows
 On the best mode of wiping John Bull's nose;
 Mark on which side John Rupee shouts,
 I'll warrant you 'll know the Ins and Outs.
 When silvery-bearded Father Thames,
 Who usen to lave our courtiers and dames,
 Hath breath so foul that Nymph and Naiad
 To rest on his bosom are quite afraid;
 And crinkling-up noses cry "I'feggs!
 Old Father you diet on rotten eggs!
 Sweetheart! we wish you would take to smoking,
That's bad enough, but *this* past joking;"

* The Friar seems to allude darkly to Wood. A.

Scour, scour, while in your power,
 Midden and hearth for the coming hour,
 Be merry and wise, each Christian brother,
 And live in love with one another.
 Let priests and parsons rave and broil,
 Their bigot slaves in hot turmoil,
 Right-wise-ness, peace, and holy love
 Descend from him who rules above;
 But wrangling, jangling, damning zeal,
 Never did good to common weal.
 Look out! look out! for the coming evil,
 And Princes beware how you raise the Devil!

God save the Sovereigne Ladie Queene,
 Fayrer and bettere hath nevere beene,
 And grante that her Consort Lorde may steere
 Safe throughe the illes of the pregnant yearre.

P. R.

Directly below these lines was written

**High Priests, Sanhedrim, Pontiffs,
 Conclaves, Councils,
 Synods, Monarchs, Parliaments, have failed all,
 but
 CHARITIE NEVER FAILETH.**

P. R.

In nomine ✠ et ✠ et ✠ etc.

Life of man be short and flitting, but the Worde of Gode be long and everlasting. Reason be Gode's first and best gifte to man. Revelation profiteth nothing withouten it; it is its coronal garlande, not its hood-winker and fetters. For what is revelation to one dafte or lunatic? Now, this reason telleth me, that bread and wine do everywhere stand in holie-write as the symbols of instruction, and therefore did our Saviour so use them at the coroning of His career of divine instruction at the Last Supper, for His language ever savoured of the ancient holie-write, the which He came not to destroy but to fulfill; whence therefore those blessed viands. The man-gode coulden not die as Gode but as man onlie, for the Deitie dieth not, neither in part nor whollie. Quasi [as] man He became exalted to heroism; He felt; He hesitated; He confirmed himself by prayer and noblie suffered, the deitie within Him being in temporarie abeyance, which abeyance constituted the gigantic part, or rather all but the whole, of the sacrifice, for as a man-sacrifice merely it were no more than thousandes have suffered in the cause of virtue and right-wise-ness, for the safety or wellfaring of their fellow-creatures. At the supper He said, take, eat, this is my bodie, drinke, this is my bloode, &c., speaking parably or in metaphor, as He had just afore been

speaking and was ever wont to speak, and as man hath ever been prone to speak; just as we say that bad rulers do prey on the vitals of the people, or bad childers on the vitals of their parents. By operation of the same laws of the Deitie, under the which the human bodie moveth, liveth and hath its being, the mind of man hath ever conceived and expressed the same image, as history sheweth plainly. When in their power many great men afore death have proposed a parting banquet, as did Leonidas the Spartan, and as Socrates the Athenian instructor typed in his proposed libation of the hemlocke. To take the Saviour's wordes literally leads to thoughts gross and repulsive in detail; but Gode is a spirit and to be worshipped in spirit and in truthe, all grosser material ideas being shut clean out of the minde. Nathless he, who in taking the sacrament, perceiveth not the bodie and blode of Christe, worketh his own condemnation, just as he, who, enjoying life and libertie gained by the self-sacrifice of patriots cometh to the banquet of their commemoration, and whiles sensuallie feeding perceiveth not in his heart that said libertie was gained at the price and coste of the patriots' bodies and blode.

If then I die for holding this belief, may God assoil my soul. Still while I live, I'll steer my rudder true, and albeit the ship be wrecked, my soul shall come ashore and finden the haven of Peace.

P. R.

"In fro what partie of the earthe that Men dwell,
wheither aboven or beneath, it seemeth always to hem
that dwell there, that they goe moe right than their
Neighbourres, both as to thinges Earthlie and thinges
Heavenlie."

P. R.

"In the light of the evidence that I have seen,
I believe that the evidence is sufficient to
show that the facts are as stated in the
report of the committee, and that the
committee is correct in its findings."

J. M.